

**TERRIFYING! STARTLING! SUSPENSE!**

NOV. 1952

NO. 8



10¢

# STRANGE

# MYSTERIES



*Return of the Corpse  
Flaming Horror  
Through Wicked Eyes  
Mask of the Devil*





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Novena Rosary Cross of Seven Sorrows

Hold the Cross close to your eye and look into each of the seven jewel-like crystals. Your eyes will glow in renewed reverence . . . Your heart will utter a silent prayer as you see clearly and distinctly

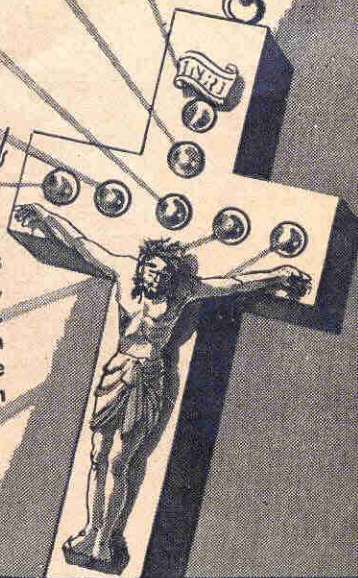
*Immortal Scenes  
The Seven Sorrows of  
our Blessed Mother*

The beads are made of the finest cut crystal, colors gleaming black, coral pink, azure blue and crystal white. Each Rosary packaged in gift box. Regular retail price \$10.50 Ea. Order direct from wholesalers, only **\$4.98**

**JOLOLA SALES**

BOX 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED  
WRITE FOR DETAILS



## Behold its Miraculous Beauty

**JOLOLA SALES**

Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.

- ☐ Send me C.O.D. one Rosary Cross of Seven Sorrows.  
☐ Black ☐ White ☐ Pink ☐ Azure  
 I will pay postman on delivery \$4.98 plus postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Prov. ....

- ☐ If you enclose \$5.00 with this coupon we will prepay all delivery charges.



# FLAMING HORROR

GLANDS, THE DOCTORS ALL SAID, AS THEY TURNED THEIR HEADS AWAY IN DISGUST AND HORROR! SO TUBBY BRANT WENT THROUGH LIFE UNWANTED AND UNLOVED, A MONSTER AMONG MEN! THEN CAME AN EVEN GREATER HORROR AND TUBBY SOUGHT IN VAIN FOR DEATH UNTIL FATE RELENTED AND LET HIM FIND LOVE IN THE COLD ARMS OF A GHOST...

TUBBY BRANT HAD A CRUEL CHILDHOOD...

YAY, LOOKIT FATTY!

TUBBY! TUBBY!

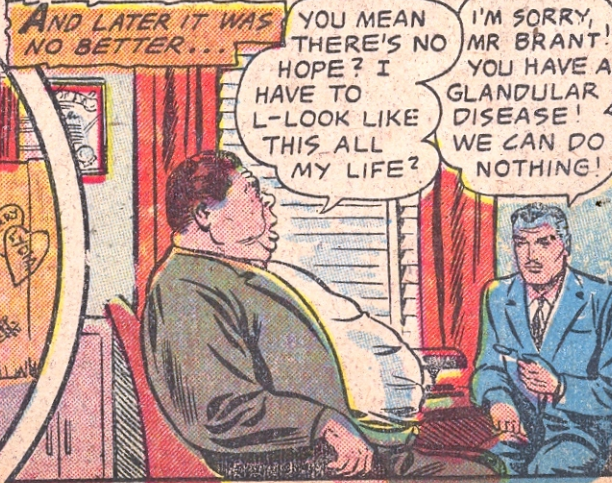
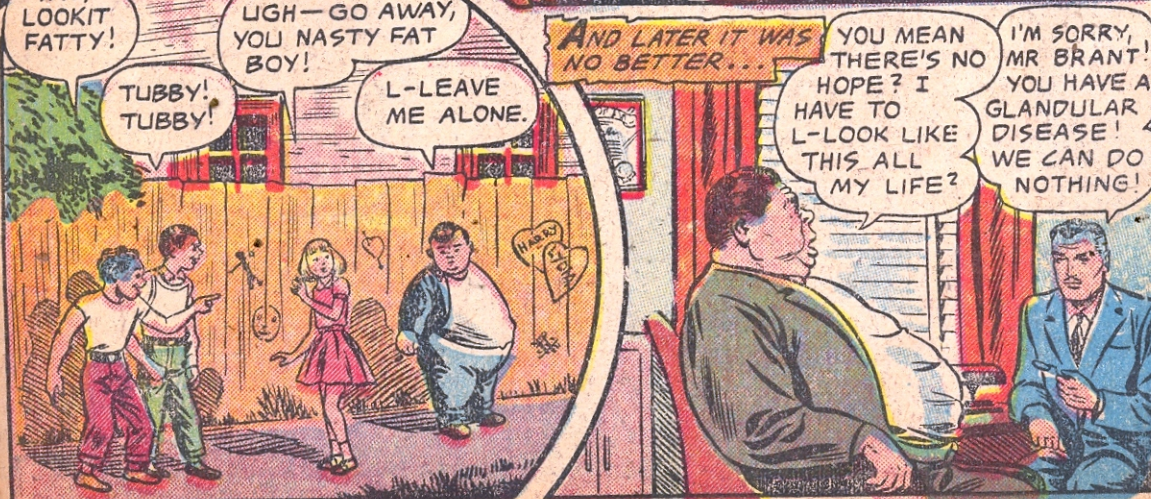
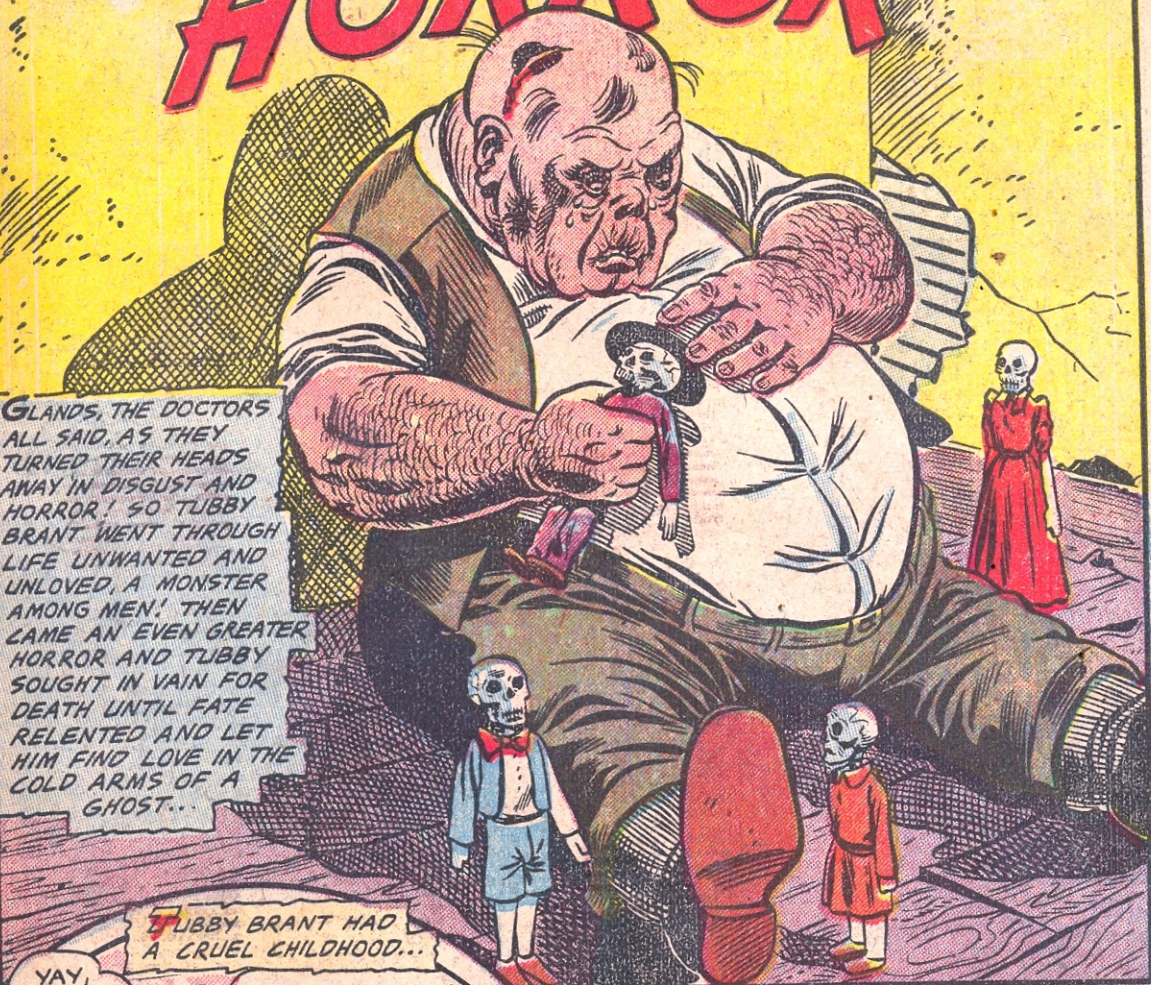
UGH—GO AWAY, YOU NASTY FAT BOY!

L-LEAVE ME ALONE.

AND LATER IT WAS NO BETTER...

YOU MEAN THERE'S NO HOPE? I HAVE TO L-LOOK LIKE THIS ALL MY LIFE?

I'M SORRY, MR. BRANT! YOU HAVE A GLANDULAR DISEASE! WE CAN DO NOTHING!

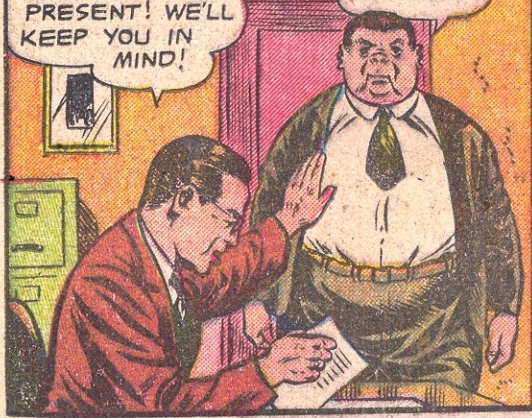




FATE HAD TUBBY'S NUMBER...

I'M SORRY, BUT THERE ARE NO OPENINGS AT PRESENT! WE'LL KEEP YOU IN MIND!

YES, I KNOW! I'VE HEARD IT OFTEN ENOUGH!



THAT NIGHT...

I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP! NO ONE WILL HIRE ME! I'M BROKE, GOT KICKED OUT OF MY BOARDING HOUSE! IT'S HOPELESS!



FIFTY CENTS! JUST WHAT I'VE GOT IN MY POCKET! BUT IT'S BETTER THAN SLEEPING IN THE GUTTER!

ACME HOTEL  
ROOMS 50¢

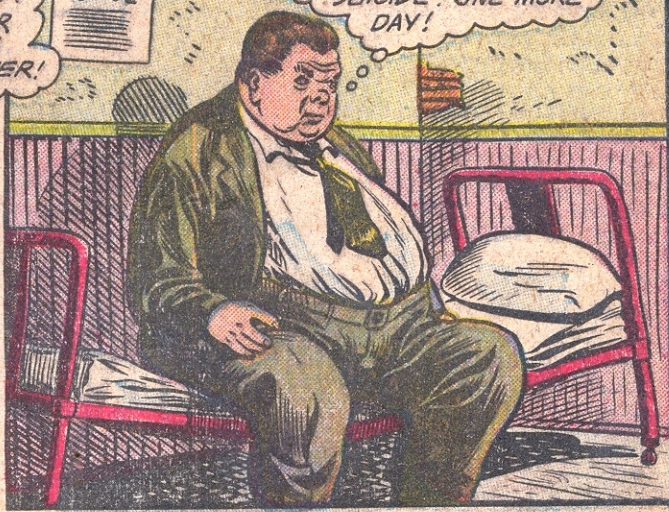
SPANISH  
RICE &  
BEANS

AC  
HO  
MI  
ON  
RO  
5

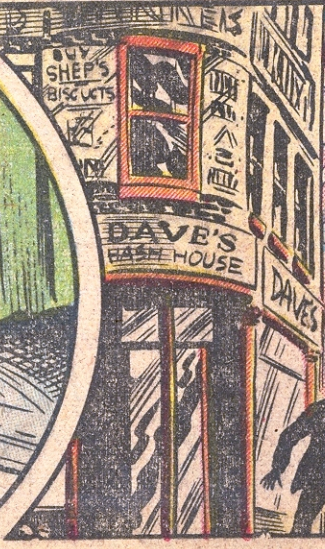
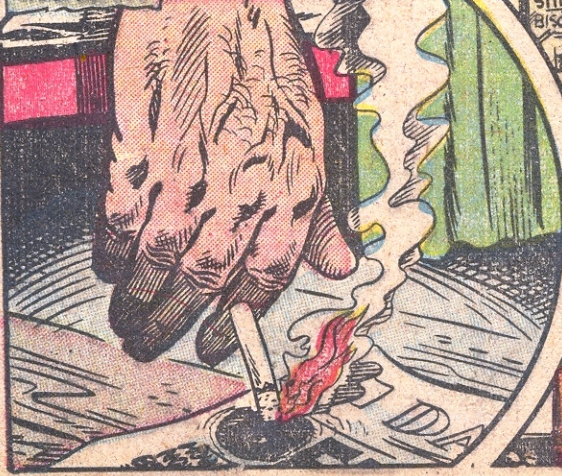
50...

NOTICE

I'LL LOOK FOR A JOB AGAIN TOMORROW! IF NO ONE WILL HIRE ME, I'LL COMMIT SUICIDE! ONE MORE DAY!



EVEN AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FLOP-HOUSE...



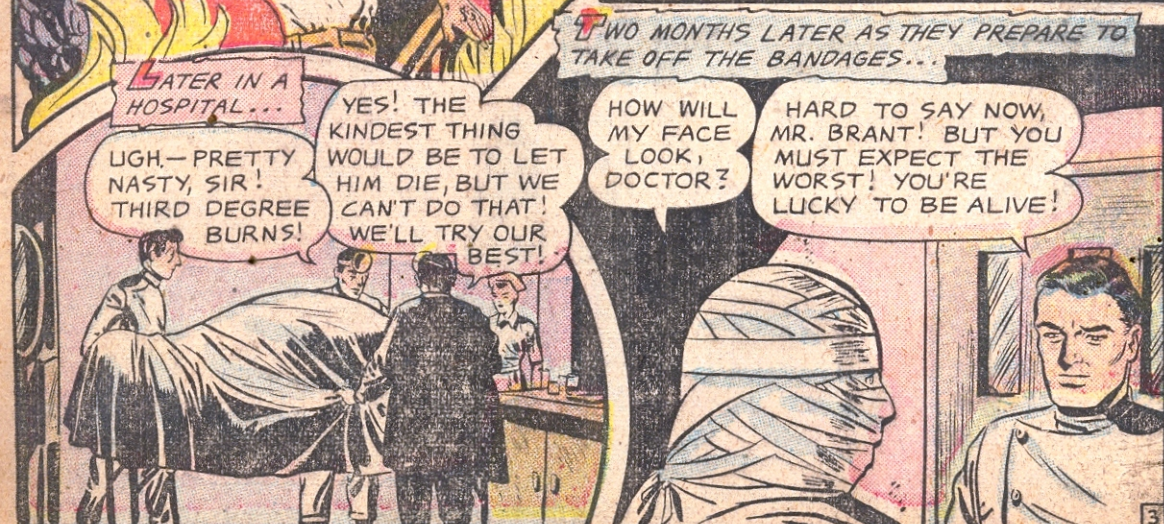
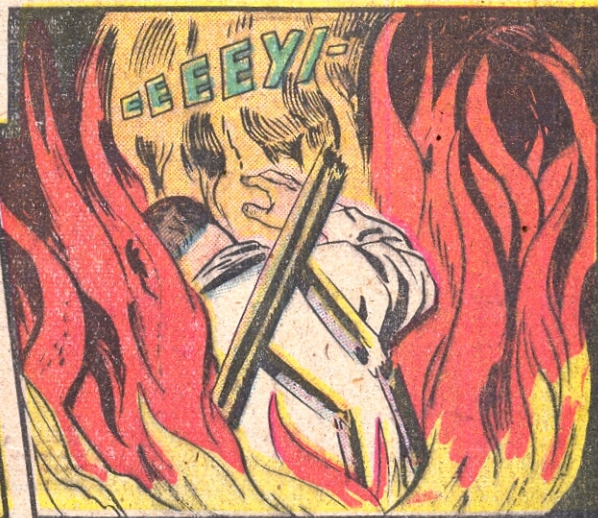
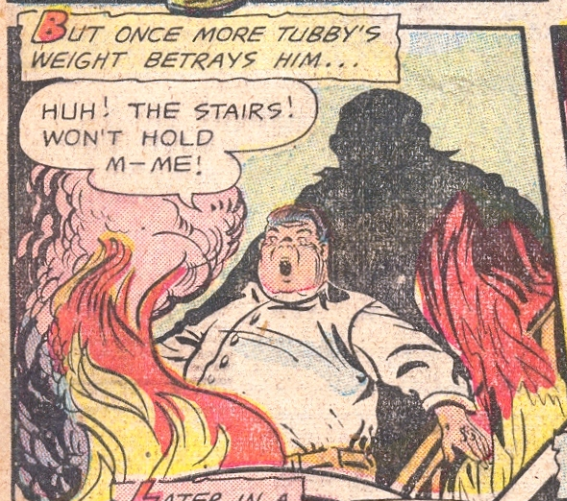
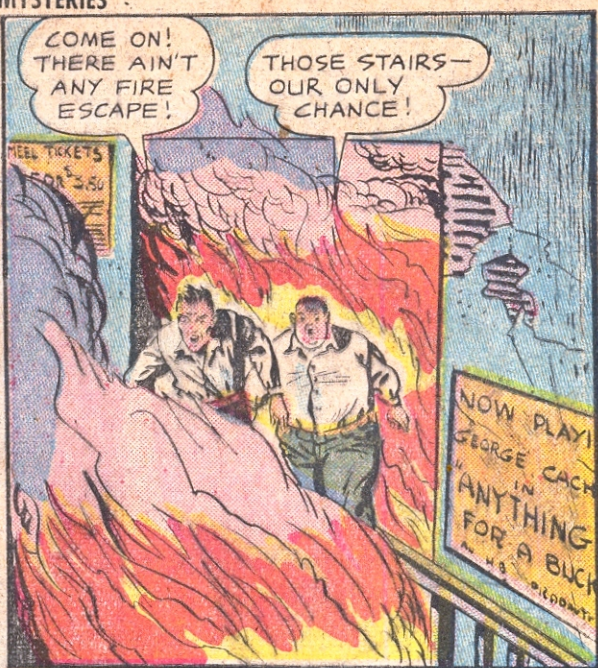
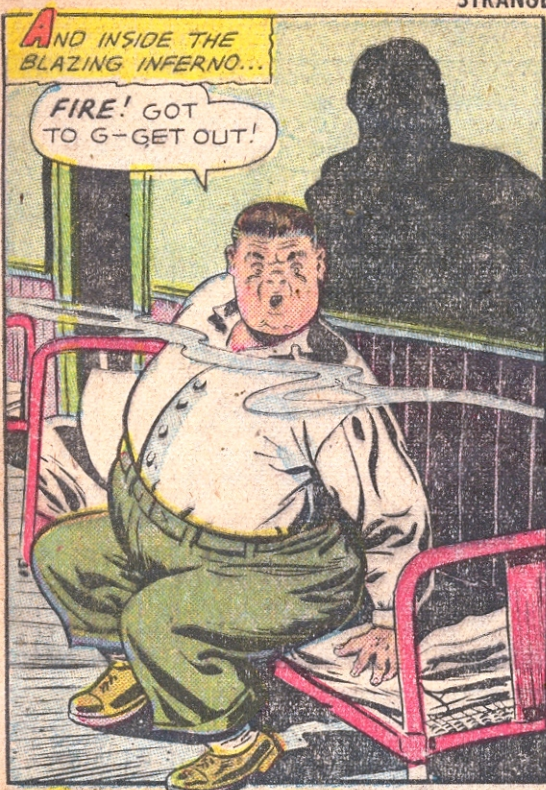
FIRE!  
FIRE!

CALL THE  
FIRE  
DEPARTMENT!

THEY'LL  
NEVER  
SAVE  
THAT RAT-  
TRAP!

ACME  
HOTEL  
ROOMS 50¢







# STRANGE MYSTERIES

**THE NURSE SEES TUBBY'S FACE...**

NOOO—I CAN'T! EEEEEEE—



I G-GUESS I KNOW THE ANSWER! AND HE—HAH-HAH—SAID I WAS LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!



**THE NEXT DAY AS TUBBY LEAVES THE HOSPITAL...**

A LETTER FOR YOU, SIR!

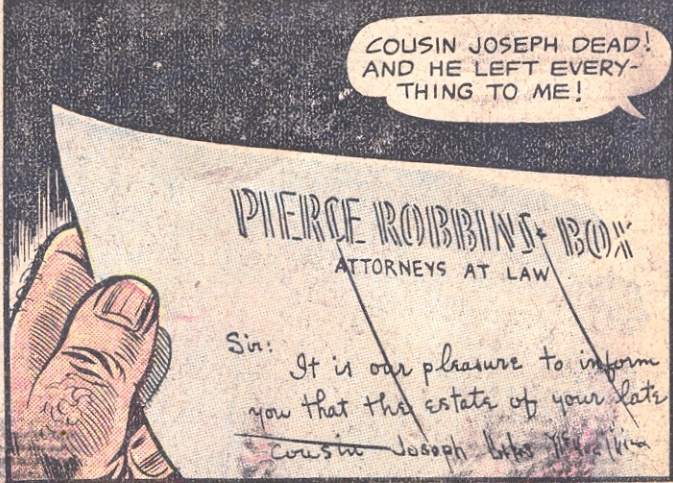
FOR ME? WHO WOULD WRITE ME?



COUSIN JOSEPH DEAD! AND HE LEFT EVERYTHING TO ME!

PIERCE ROBBINS & BOON  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Sir: It is our pleasure to inform you that the estate of your late cousin Joseph likes the letter.



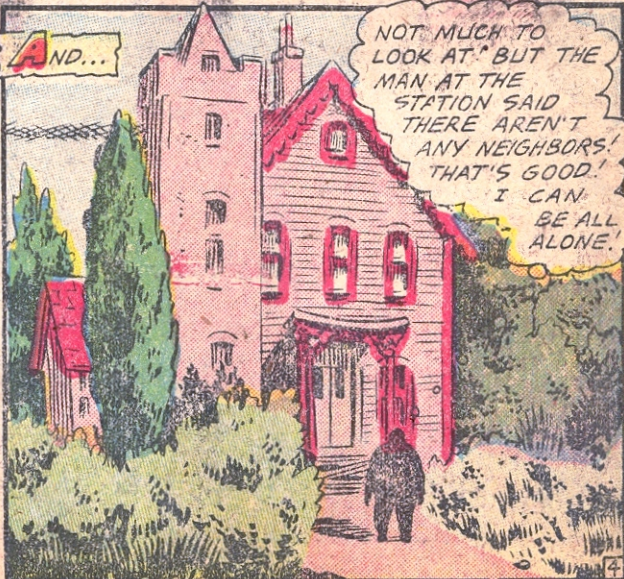
**SOON...**

THE LETTER DIDN'T SAY MUCH! JUST THAT THE HOUSE WAS SORT OF RUN DOWN! AND THERE'S A LITTLE MONEY!



**AND...**

NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT! BUT THE MAN AT THE STATION SAID THERE AREN'T ANY NEIGHBORS! THAT'S GOOD! I CAN BE ALL ALONE.





THAT NIGHT AS TUBBY GAZES INTO THE FIRE...

MY LUCK HAS CHANGED! MY OWN HOUSE, AND ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE ON! I WON'T HAVE TO SEE ANYBODY— WON'T HAVE TO WATCH THEM SHUDDER WHEN THEY LOOK AT ME!

SUDDENLY TUBBY HEARS A STRANGE SOUND...

DON'T BE AFRAID! I WON'T HURT YOU!

HUH! WHO ARE YOU? THIS IS M—MY HOUSE NOW!

YOU'RE NOT REAL! YOU'RE A GHOST!

YES! A GHOST! BUT EVEN A GHOST CAN BE LONELY!

A G-GHOST! LONELY?

YES! I WAS MURDERED IN THIS HOUSE, LONG AGO! BUT I NEVER LEFT IT!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR POOR FACE? WHY— YOU'RE ALMOST AS UGLY AS I AM!

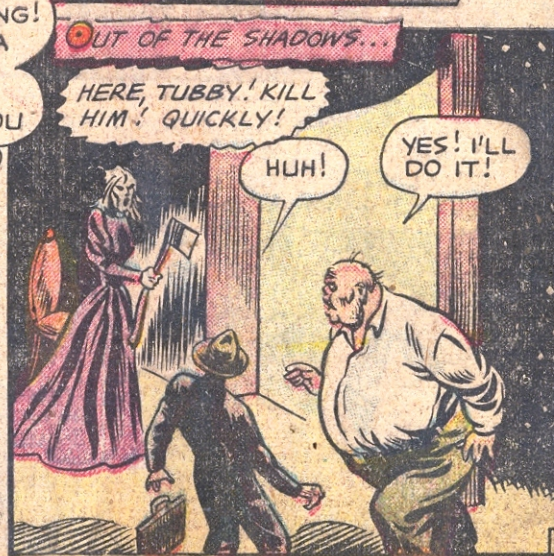
BUT I DON'T FRIGHTEN YOU? MY FACE DOESN'T DISGUST YOU?

SO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE A WOMAN KISSES TUBBY! WHAT MATTER THAT SHE IS A GHOST...

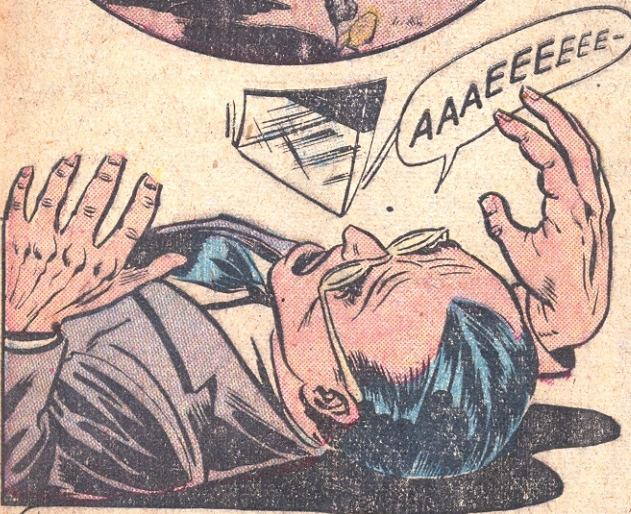
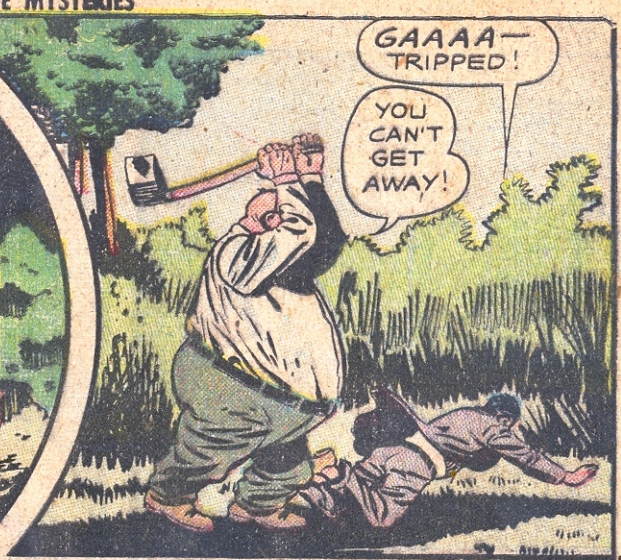
NOBODY WOULD LOVE ME WHILE I WAS ALIVE BECAUSE I WAS UGLY! BUT I LIKE YOU...

YOU K-KISSED ME!









NO! YOU'LL SEE! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT, AND WE'LL GO AWAY TOGETHER!

AS TUBBY TURNS TO FACE HIS GHOSTLY LOVER...

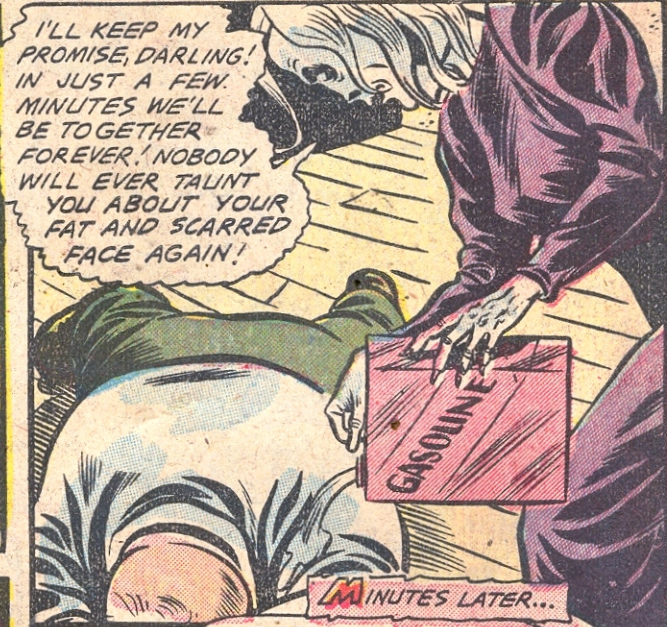
WHAT—



# STRANGE MYSTERIES

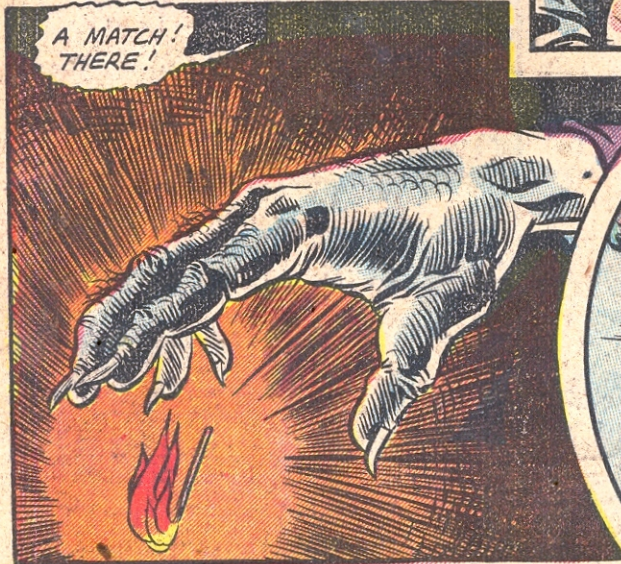


N-NO! DON'T KILL ME! I-I MUST! IT WILL BE OVER IN A MINUTE!

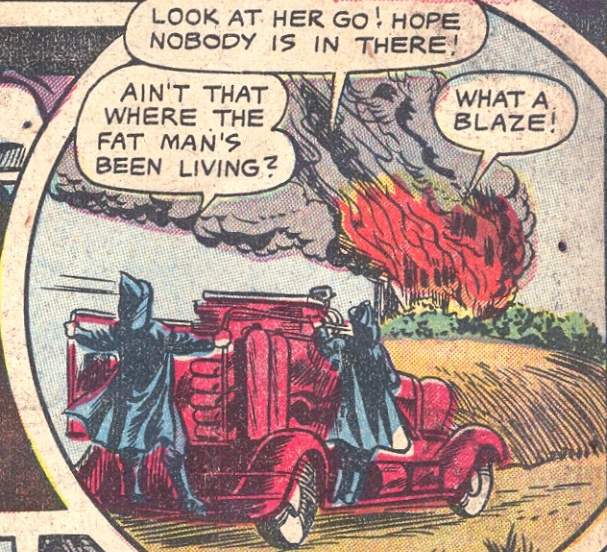


I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE, DARLING! IN JUST A FEW MINUTES WE'LL BE TOGETHER FOREVER! NOBODY WILL EVER TAUNT YOU ABOUT YOUR FAT AND SCARRED FACE AGAIN!

MINUTES LATER...



A MATCH! THERE!



LOOK AT HER GO! HOPE NOBODY IS IN THERE!

AIN'T THAT WHERE THE FAT MAN'S BEEN LIVING?

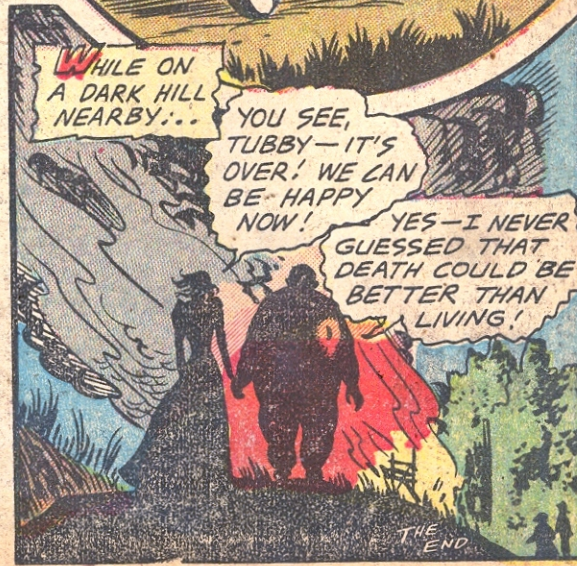
WHAT A BLAZE!



AND STILL LATER...

THAT'S THE FAT ONE, ALL RIGHT! NOT MUCH LEFT OF HIM!

WONDER WHO THE OTHER FELLOW WAS?



WHILE ON A DARK HILL NEARBY...

YOU SEE, TUBBY-IT'S OVER! WE CAN BE HAPPY NOW!

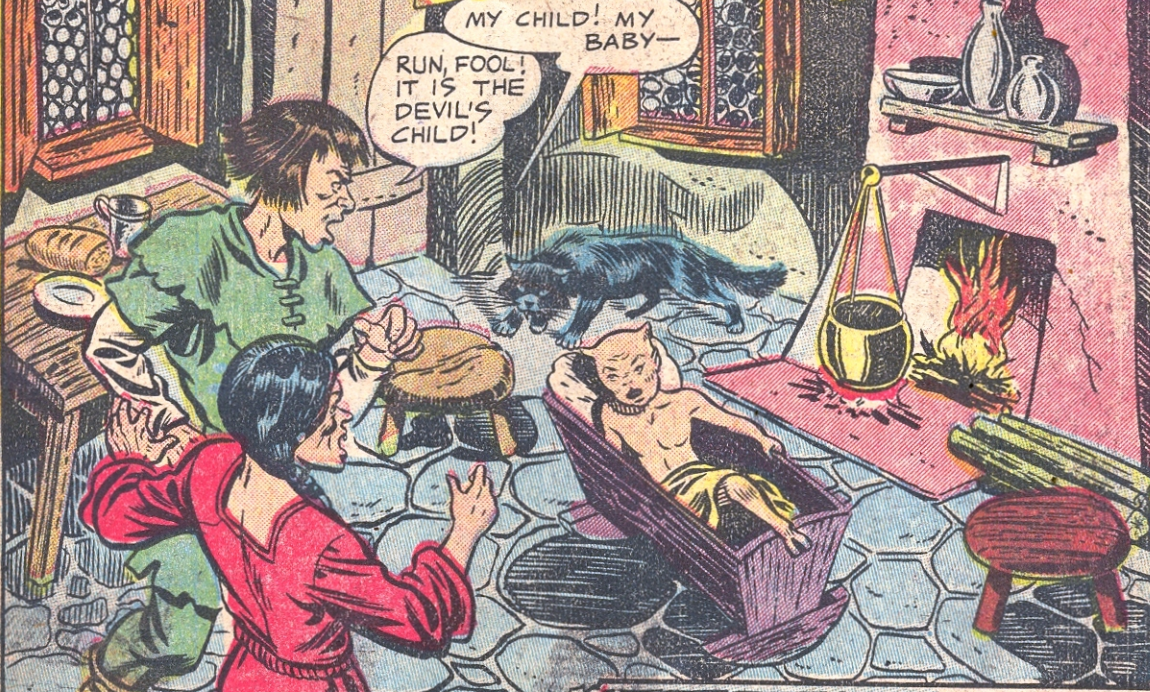
YES-I NEVER GUESSED THAT DEATH COULD BE BETTER THAN A LIVING!

THE END



# MASK OF THE DEVIL

A DARK TALE FROM THE DARK AGES! A STORY OF HORROR WRITTEN ON A MOULDERING MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A RUINED CASTLE! AND EVEN TODAY THOSE WHO KNOW SAY THAT IF YOU LISTEN ON A MURKY AND STORMY NIGHT YOU MAY HEAR THE MAD WAILING OF THE DEVIL'S SON...



MY CHILD! MY BABY—

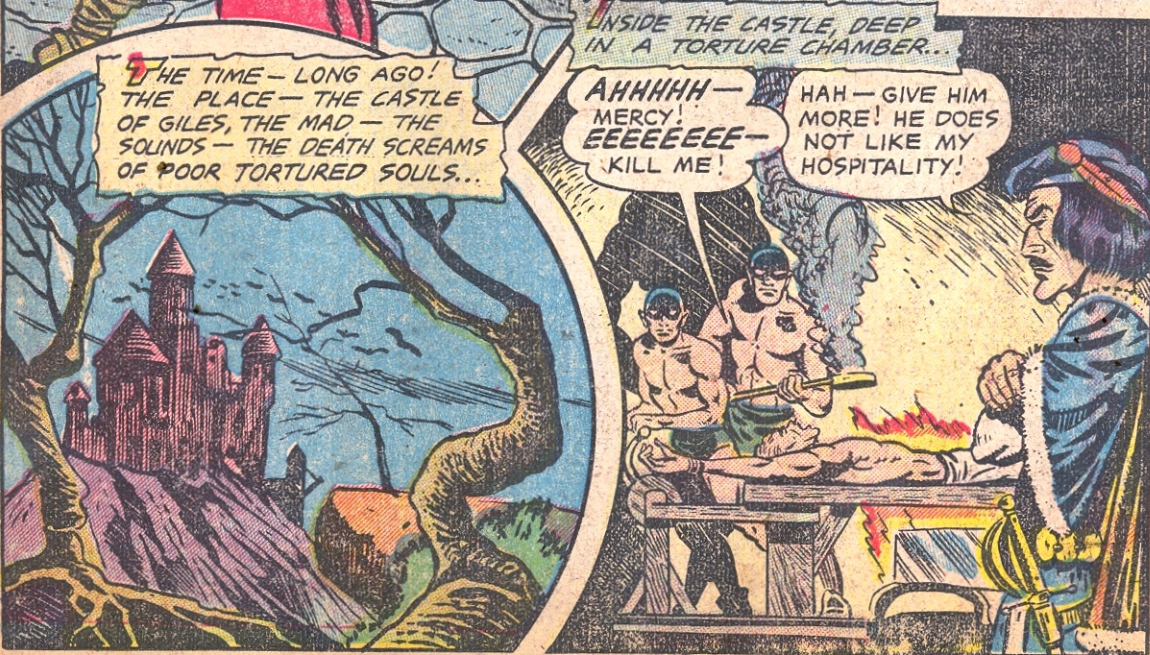
RUN, FOOL!  
IT IS THE  
DEVIL'S  
CHILD!

INSIDE THE CASTLE, DEEP  
IN A TORTURE CHAMBER...

THE TIME—LONG AGO!  
THE PLACE—THE CASTLE  
OF GILES, THE MAD—THE  
SOUNDS—THE DEATH SCREAMS  
OF POOR TORTURED SOULS...

AAAAHHH—  
MERCY!  
EEEEEEEEEE—  
KILL ME!

HAH—GIVE HIM  
MORE! HE DOES  
NOT LIKE MY  
HOSPITALITY!





SO, MY FRIEND!  
YOU THOUGHT TO  
ELUDE ME! YOU  
TREASONOUS DOG!  
DIE — BUT SLOWLY!

MERCY, I BEG!  
AAAAHHHH —  
THE PAIN!

**T**HE DYING MAN CURSES HIS  
TORMENTOR...

I CURSE YOU, GILES, THE MAD!  
HEAR ME! YOU ARE A DEVIL AND  
YOU SHALL HAVE A DEVIL FOR A  
SON! EVEN NOW YOUR LADY FEELS  
MY CURSE! YOU DEVIL —  
DEVIL! MY CURSE —  
EEEEEEE —

**L**ATER...

THE FOOL! AS  
THOUGH I CARED FOR  
HIS PUNY CURSE! HAH —  
HE DIED VERY SLOWLY!

HAH! WHY  
DO YOU  
STARTLE  
ME, DOG?

YOUR WIFE, SIRE!  
THE CHILD HAS  
COME! THEY  
AWAIT YOU!

**B**UT WHEN GILES REACHES HIS WIFE'S  
CHAMBER...

DEAD! BUT THE  
CHILD? WHAT OF  
THE CHILD?

HERE,  
SIRE!

**G**ILES  
SCREAMS  
WHEN HE SEES  
HIS NEW BORN  
CHILD...

AAAAHHH —  
THE CURSE!

IT WAS  
BORN SO,  
SIRE!



**G**ILES WASTES NO TIME! LATER THAT SAME NIGHT...

YOU UNDERSTAND, OLD HAG? TAKE IT OUT AND KILL IT! FAIL, AND I WILL TEAR YOUR UGLY BONES APART!

YES! I WILL SLAY IT!

**B**UT...

I CANNOT DO IT! NOT EVEN TO SUCH A LITTLE MONSTER! BUT PERHAPS...

PERHAPS, IF IT LIVES, SOMEDAY IT WILL DO SOME EVIL TO ITS FATHER! I HATE HIM AS WE ALL DO! YES, I WILL LET THE CHILD LIVE.

A PEASANT'S COTTAGE! PERHAPS THEY WILL RAISE THE CHILD! AND NOW TO FLEE FOR MY LIFE!

A CHILD! MY PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! A CHILD AT LAST!

UGH! LOOK AT IT, WOMAN! NO PRAYERS EVER BROUGHT SUCH A CHILD - IF IT IS A CHILD!

EEEEEE!



BUT THE YEARNING OF MOTHER LOVE IS GREATER THAN ANY POWER OF EVIL! THE CHILD WAS TAKEN IN AND CARED FOR! AND WHEN RUMORS CAME THAT GILES, THE MAD, WAS SEARCHING FOR THE CHILD, A MASK WAS MADE...

HURRY, WOMAN! THEY SAY THAT GILES HAS FOUND THE OLD HAG AT LAST AND TORTURED THE TRUTH FROM HER!

HE SHALL NOT HARM YOUNG RICHARD! I HAD OLD GRANNY HEMP MAKE THIS MASK! COME HERE, CHILD!

REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, YOUNGSTER! YOU MUST WEAR THIS MASK ALWAYS—NIGHT AND DAY!

I WILL, MOTHER! IT WILL BE FUN—LIKE A GAME!

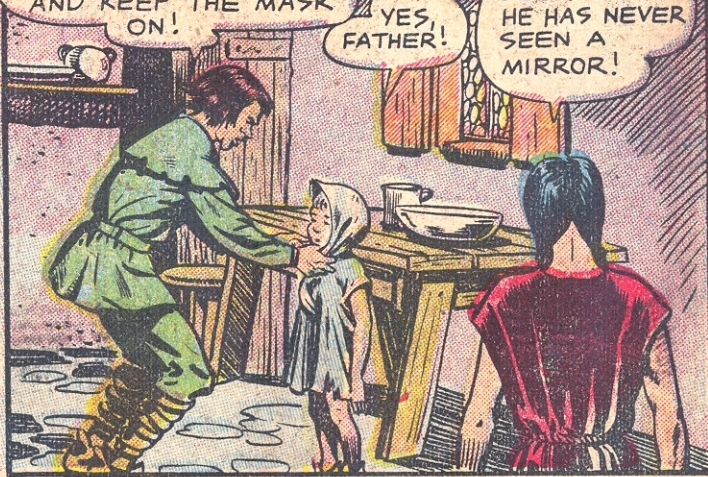
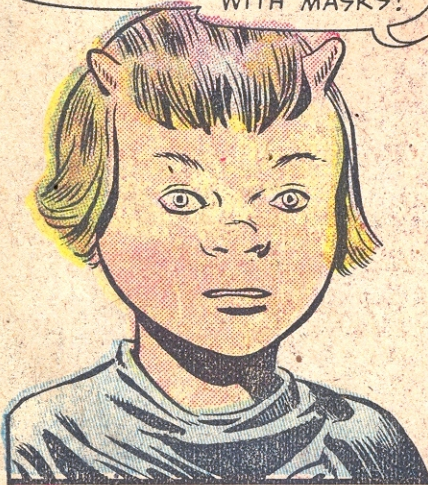


THERE! GRANNY MAY BE A WITCH, BUT SHE HAS A WAY WITH MASKS!

THIS KERCHIEF WILL HIDE THOSE ACCURSED HORNS! NOW RUN AND PLAY—AND KEEP THE MASK ON!

YES, FATHER!

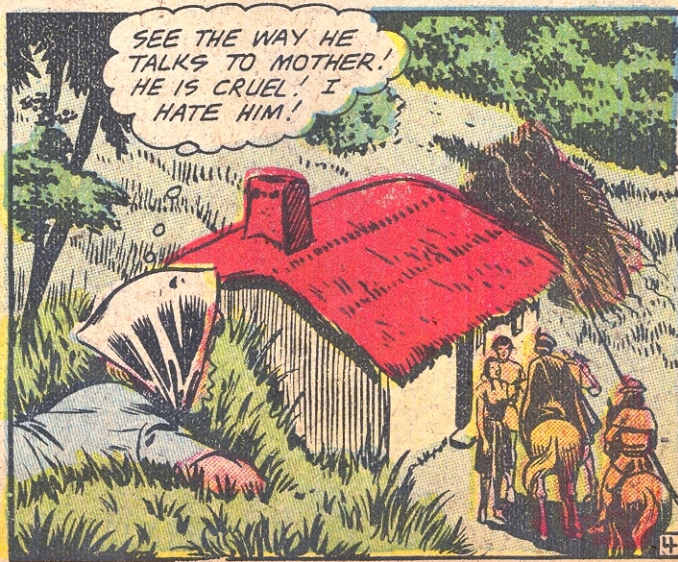
POOR CHILD! HE HAS NEVER SEEN A MIRROR!



BUT LATER, AS GILES, THE MAD, APPROACHES, THE STRANGE CHILD SENSES DANGER...

THOSE MEN! I DON'T LIKE THEM! I'LL HIDE!

SEE THE WAY HE TALKS TO MOTHER! HE IS CRUEL! I HATE HIM!



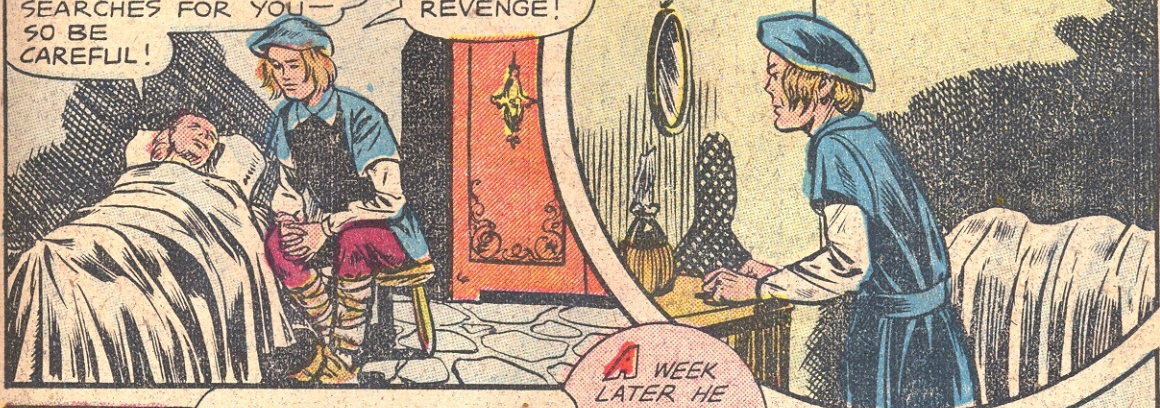


YEARS PASS AND RICHARD COMES TO UNDERSTAND THAT HE IS NOT AS OTHER MEN! THEN, AS DEATH COMES TO HIS FOSTER MOTHER, HE LEARNS THE TRUTH...

...AND THAT IS THE STORY, RICHARD! THE CURSE CAME TRUE! BUT GILES STILL SEARCHES FOR YOU—SO BE CAREFUL!

I WILL, MOTHER! BUT I WILL HAVE REVENGE, TOO. A TERRIBLE REVENGE!

SO THAT IS WHY I AM SUCH A MONSTER! I AM THE SON OF GILES, THE MAD—AND OF HIS SINS!



UGH—THE DEVIL'S SON IN TRUTH! NO WONDER MY TRUE MOTHER DIED IN BORING ME! WELL, SINCE I LOOK LIKE A DEVIL, I WILL BE ONE! LOOK TO YOURSELF—DEAR FATHER!

A WEEK LATER HE APPROACHES THE CASTLE OF HIS FATHER...

I WILL LOOK FOR WORK! AND SUCH PLEASANT WORK—IT WILL KEEP ME CLOSE TO MY FATHER! I WILL WATCH HIS EVERY MOVE, AND WHEN I AM READY...



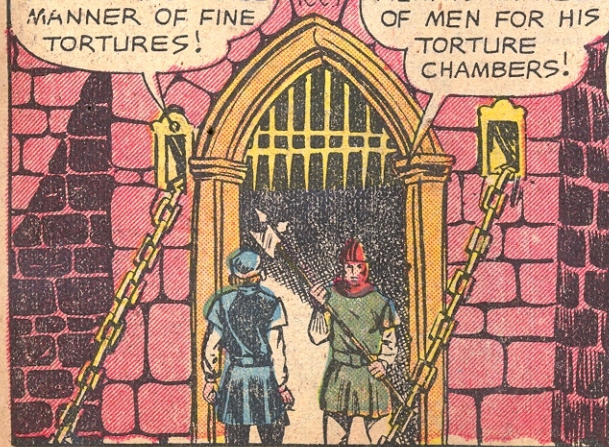
I LOOK FOR WORK, SIR! I KNOW ALL MANNER OF FINE TORTURES!

WELCOME, THEN! GILES IS ALWAYS IN NEED OF MEN FOR HIS TORTURE CHAMBERS!

SO RICHARD FINDS EMPLOYMENT IN THE VERY SPOT WHERE, YEARS BEFORE, THE CURSE HAD FALLEN ON HIS FATHER...

HERE ARE YOUR TOOLS, MY MAN! DON'T WORRY—YOU WILL HAVE WORK ENOUGH TO DO!

AND GILES, THE MAD! HOW SOON SHALL I SEE HIM?





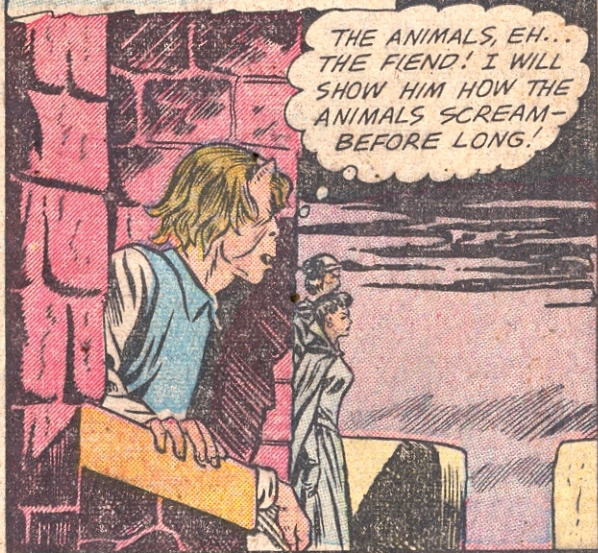
**N**OW IT HAPPENED THAT GILES HAD MARRIED AGAIN AND, BY HIS SECOND WIFE, HE HAD A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER! THAT NIGHT ON THE BATTLEMENTS...

FATHER! I HAVE ASKED YOU MANY TIMES BEFORE! WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE NOISES THAT COME FROM THE DUNGEONS?

NOISES! WHY—THOSE ARE THE ANIMALS, DAUGHTER! ONLY THE ANIMALS!

**G**ILES CAN NOT KNOW THAT HIS OWN SON WATCHES HIM FROM THE SHADOWS AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

THE ANIMALS, EH... THE FIEND! I WILL SHOW HIM HOW THE ANIMALS SCREAM—BEFORE LONG!

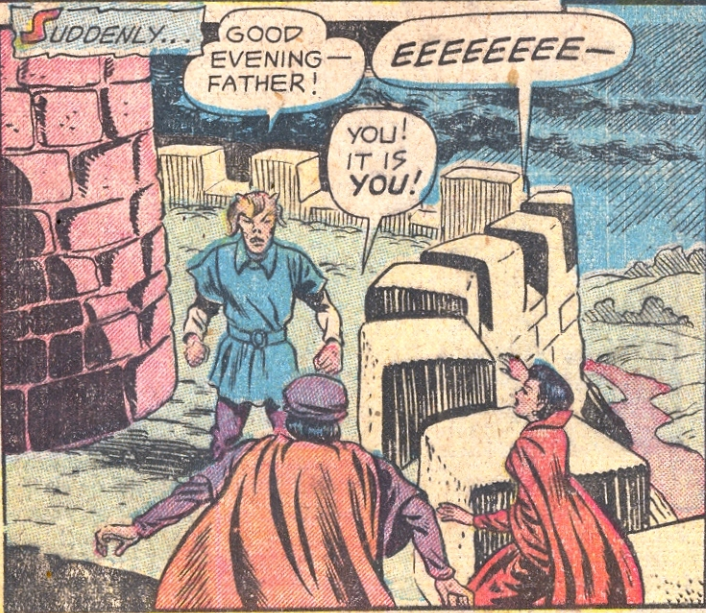


**S**UDDENLY...

GOOD EVENING—FATHER!

EEEEEEEE—

YOU! IT IS YOU!



YES, FATHER! I HAVE COME BACK AT LAST! TO KILL YOU—YOU WHO CURSED ME SO!

NO! STAY AWAY! DON'T TOUCH ME!

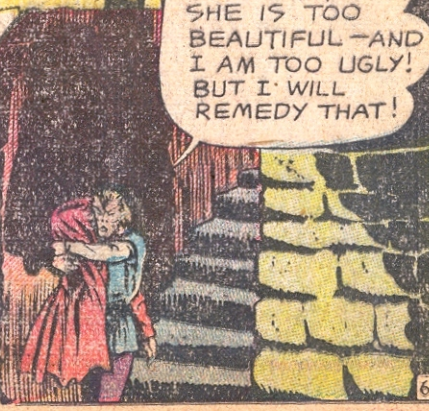
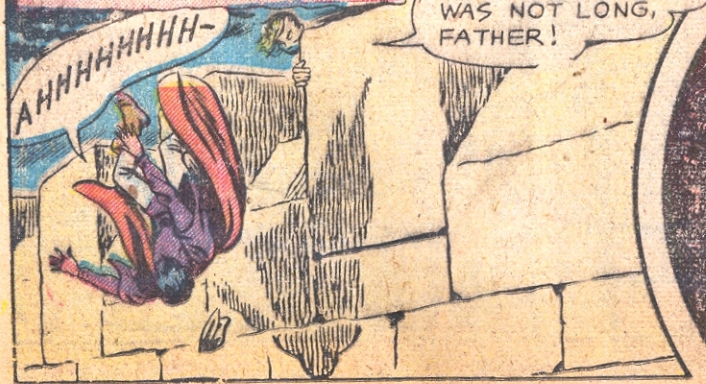


**G**ILES SLIPS ON THE EDGE OF THE BATTLEMENT...

OUR ACQUAINTANCE WAS NOT LONG, FATHER!

**M**INUTES LATER...

MY WORK HAS JUST BEGUN! I HATE HER, TOO! SHE IS TOO BEAUTIFUL—AND I AM TOO UGLY! BUT I WILL REMEDY THAT!





**B**ELOW, IN THE FETID MURK OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER, THE DEVIL'S SON PREPARES FOR MORE LUSTFUL REVENGE...

I WILL MAR THAT BEAUTY, MY GIRL! SEE THE IRON IS WHITE HOT!

EEEEEEEEE—

**A**S BEHIND HIM A BROKEN MAN, SMASHED AND TORN BY HIS FALL, TRIES TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO KILL HIS OWN SON...

IN T-TIME! CAN'T DIE NOW! NOT Y-YET

OUR FATHER WAS THE DEVIL, YOU SEE! HE BEGAN THIS WORK—BUT I WILL FINISH IT! NOW—

N-NO! OH, PLEASE NO—

WHAT! YOU—

Y-YES! YOUR FATHER! WE DIE TOGETHER—NOW!

UGHHHHH—DYING!

THE IRON—AHEEEE—

GAAAAA—THE PAIN!

**S**O IN THE END HE HAD HIS REVENGE AFTER ALL—THIS DEVIL'S SON! OR SO THE OLD MANUSCRIPT READS—AND SO IT IS WHISPERED AT NIGHT, AROUND SMOKY FIRES, BY THOSE WHO KNOW...

THE END





# BRAIN OF BELIAL

By DAVID PALMER



Geoffrey Ames watched the pageant of the Nile spread beneath him with mixed emotions. There, just to the right, were the pyramids, the great piles of stone built so long ago by so much blood and death. They squatted on the fertile Egyptian plain like great birds, brooding, full of the knowledge of the centuries.

But Ames had seen them before, many times, and always they had denied him what he sought — *the Brain of Belial*. Of course he had been wrong all along, for the Brain had never been hidden in the pyramids, or even close to them. No — the ancient priests of Belial had been much too astute for that. They had known, even when the pyramids were new, that they would become a wonder of the world. Anything concealed in them, or around them, was sure to be found. So they had cunningly laid a false trail!

Ames smiled wryly as he thought of how many times he had been taken off on a fool's chase by those devilish maps the old priests had purposely left behind — to guide just such credulous fools as he. Guide them to the *wrong* spot, time and again. The smile of the big man hardened. They had fooled him before, but not this time. This time he knew he was right, and in a few hours he would have the brain for himself. It would be dangerous, like going into a cobra's den, but it would be worth it. *Because he who owned the Brain of Belial owned the world!*

The pyramids slid out of sight as the big plane banked into a landing. In a few minutes they would set down at the field near Cairo. The girl should be waiting at the airport, Ames thought with a little glow of pleasure. Zoe Cartier, the ultimate blossom flowering from a mixture of old French and Egyptian families. She was lovely, and soon he meant to ask her to marry him. If she would have a man who was almost too well known as an international adventurer and, he admitted it himself, something of a rogue. She had given him the clue, the final clue, sought for so long, that would lead him to the brain.

The plane rolled to a stop. Hardly had Ames reached the gate when he heard the metallic boom of the loudspeaker: "Call for Mr. Geoffrey Ames! Mr. Geoffrey Ames wanted on the telephone. Booth 4, please."

UNEASINESS stirred in Ames as he went to the booth. Had something gone wrong? His hand trembled a bit as he picked up the receiver. "Ames speaking. Who is this?"

Zoe's voice came over the wire. "Geoffrey! Oh, I'm so glad I caught you. Be careful. Manson is in town. I didn't dare come to the airport, for fear he might follow me."

"Manson?" Ames felt his heart contract. His arch rival, Manson. He had hoped to keep any knowledge of the brain from Manson.

Zoe was speaking again. "I'm at Koon, Geoffrey. About a hundred miles northeast of Cairo. You know, the spot I showed you on the map. You must come straight out here. Perhaps we can get the — you know — before Manson can follow. I don't think he expects you to be in Cairo."

Ames cursed softly. What rotten luck. "How do you know he hasn't followed you?" he asked.

There was a pause. When her voice came again it somehow reminded him of the hissing of a snake. "One of his men did," she said. "But he'll never report to Manson. Hurry, Geoffrey, I'll be waiting."

A few hours later Ames lurched through the rutted streets of Koon in a rented car. The town was stark and primitive, nothing changed since the pyramids had been built. He drove along for a mile or so. It was dark now. Presently his lights picked out the old excavations, where more than forty years ago an archeological party had uprooted a number of worthless mummies, but had missed the greatest prize in the world by a few feet.

Ames sneered. Fools! He would not miss. Not with the information Zoe had given him.

He saw her then, waving a flashlight. She was a tall girl, clad now in slacks and a jacket over a high-necked blouse. A mass of jet black hair was piled high on her head. As he went to meet her he thought again how beautiful she was. When this thing was over . . .



Her hand was cold as she clutched his. "Hurry," she whispered. "The others are waiting."

"Others?" He stared at her.

"My servants," she said. "You've never been in this tomb, I have. There are doors, stone blocks, things that take four men to move. Don't worry; the servants won't talk. But hurry!"

For a moment, Ames considered telling her the truth about what he was after. She thought she was helping him find a rare mummy, overlooked before. A mummy, nothing more. He had told her nothing about the Brain of Belial, even though he had known, after one look at the old map her family owned, that this was the true map at last. Had known that the brain was hidden in the cave tombs near Koonaa. Ames shrugged. No, he would not tell her yet. Maybe never. His hand searched inside his coat for the cold butt of the revolver. The servants complicated things, and certainly there would be a guard of some kind around the Brain of Belial. The devil cult was still alive and flourishing.

THEY WENT down a long flight of stairs into darkness that was fetid and thick. It stank of decay and death. Ames shivered. Soon they met a little party of men, mere shadows in the light of Zoe's torch.

Half an hour later, panting and all but exhausted, they entered a great circular chamber carved from the living rock. Bats fluttered and squeaked overhead. One swooped and brushed against Ames and he flinched.

Zoe motioned with the flashlight. "Over here, the mummy you wanted . . ."

"No," said Ames. His voice sounded harsh. He became conscious that he was breathing faster, almost painfully. "No," and he hurried toward a small niche at the far end of the cavern. If his guess was right the brain would be there, in a transparent jade casket. Fluid, the color of dark wine, would be flowing around the brain to nourish and keep it alive. He tightened his grip on the revolver, making a rapid decision. He must be the only one to leave the cave alive!

Then, suddenly, after all the endless years of searching, he saw it. Huge, a pink blob of convoluted tissue, floating in the wine-colored fluid. The jade, as thin as egg shell, was like a window into this final wonder of the world. *The Brain of Belial.*

Ames chuckled. He was conscious of Zoe at his elbow, knew she was also staring at the brain. Little fool! Suddenly he heard himself talking, telling her, knowing that it did not matter if she knew now.

"Belial," he said huskily. "Look at it. The living brain of the first priest of Belial, taken from his skull after he died and kept alive by some marvelous fluid. Belial himself! And fed through all the centuries, given new knowledge and giving to his followers what he possessed. Zoe, think of it! In that piece of living flesh is the knowledge of 3,000 years or more. Everything that men have learned — it knows! And I'm going to make it tell me!"

Her voice was soft. "How, Geoffrey?"

He stared at the floating brain, hardly hearing her. "No matter," he said brusquely. "A matter of electronics. I can talk to the brain, and make it talk to me. The old priests did it without electronics, though . . ."

"Yes," said Zoe. "We did!"

"But I don't see how they did——" Ames paused. Somewhere inside him a snake crawled. What had Zoe said? *We!*

Ames whirled, drawing the revolver, but it was too late. Before he could fire he felt something heavy strike his skull. His knees folded and colored lights swung before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of being carried, being laid out on a cold flat surface and strapped down. When his head cleared Zoe was smiling down at him. She was as lovely as ever — but for the first time she looked like a tigress about to devour its prey.

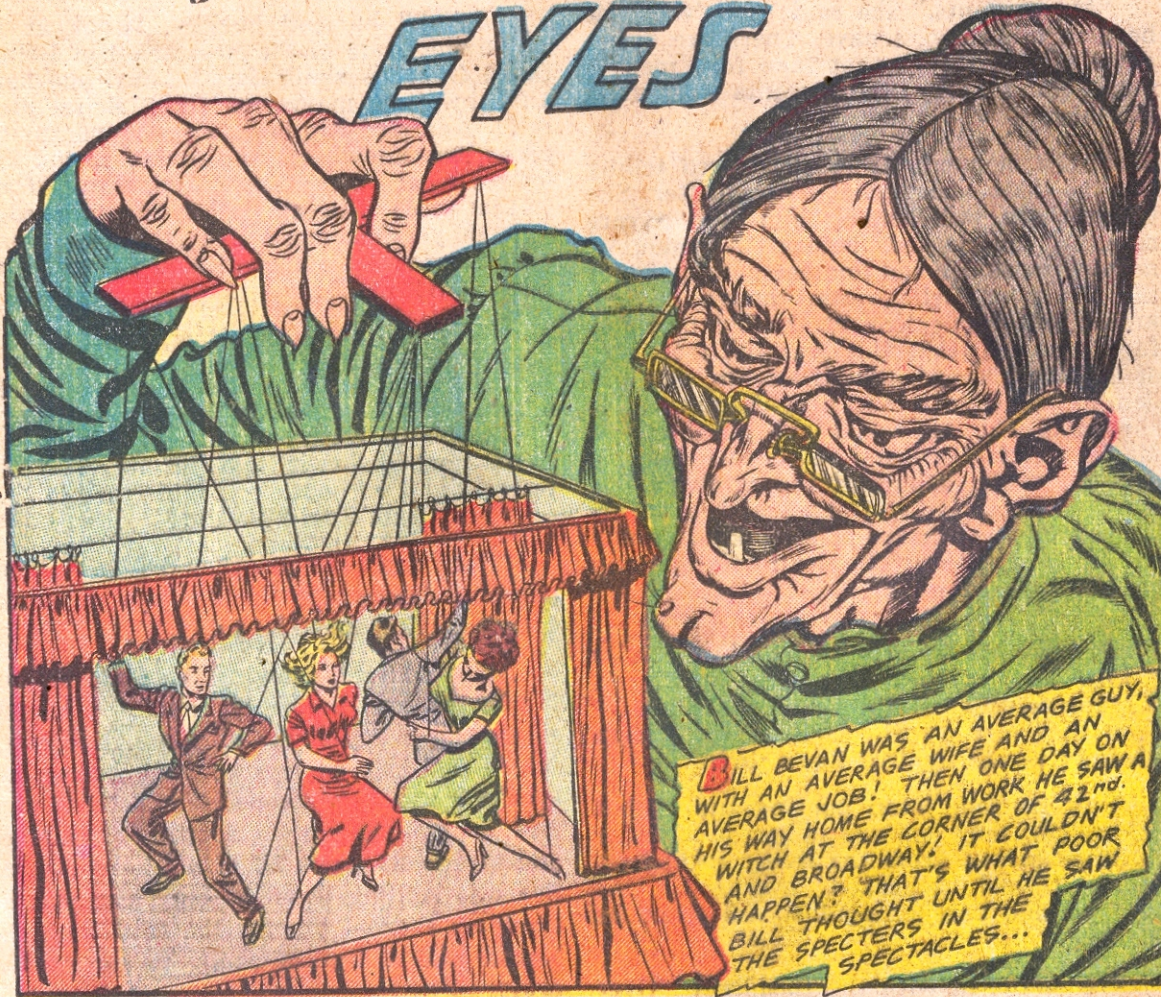
"You," Ames croaked. "The cult — Belial! You!"

Zoe nodded. "Yes, Geoffrey! For years now. But the brain, the great Brain of Belial, is dead. We don't know why, but it died last year. Then you came, searching, thinking you were fooling me. Me, a high priestess of Belial. But we're glad you came. For now we can start over again. Who knows, Geoffrey, perhaps in 3,000 years from now someone will find *your* brain. I hope it still lives!"

He saw the descending steel then and screamed. "No! Oh, no——" But it was lost in the pain that engulfed him as the knife bit into his skull, deeper and deeper.



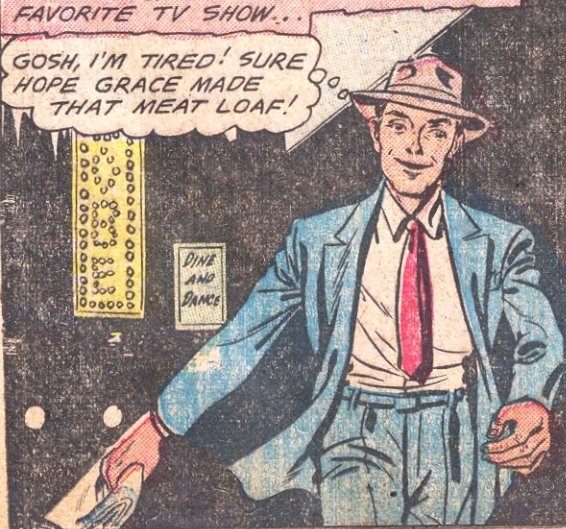
# THROUGH WICKED EYES



BILL BEVAN WAS AN AVERAGE GUY, WITH AN AVERAGE WIFE AND AN AVERAGE JOB! THEN ONE DAY ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK HE SAW A WITCH AT THE CORNER OF 42<sup>ND</sup> AND BROADWAY! IT COULDN'T HAPPEN? THAT'S WHAT POOR BILL THOUGHT UNTIL HE SAW THE SPECTERS IN THE SPECTACLES...

BILL WAS ON HIS WAY HOME THAT NIGHT, THINKING ONLY ABOUT DINNER AND A FAVORITE TV SHOW...

GOSH, I'M TIRED! SURE HOPE GRACE MADE THAT MEAT LOAF!



WHEN SUDDENLY...

PSSST! YOUNG MAN! COME HERE A MINUTE!

HUH! W-WHAT?

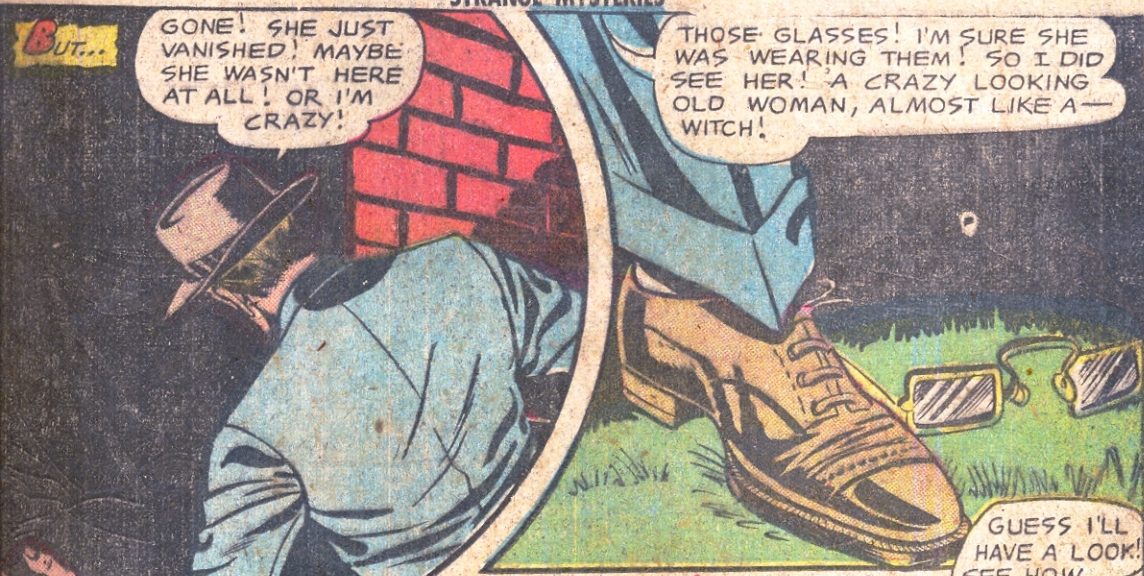




**BUT...**

GONE! SHE JUST VANISHED! MAYBE SHE WASN'T HERE AT ALL! OR I'M CRAZY!

THOSE GLASSES! I'M SURE SHE WAS WEARING THEM! SO I DID SEE HER! A CRAZY LOOKING OLD WOMAN, ALMOST LIKE A— WITCH!



FUNNY LOOKING SPECS, TOO! MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THEM ALONG.

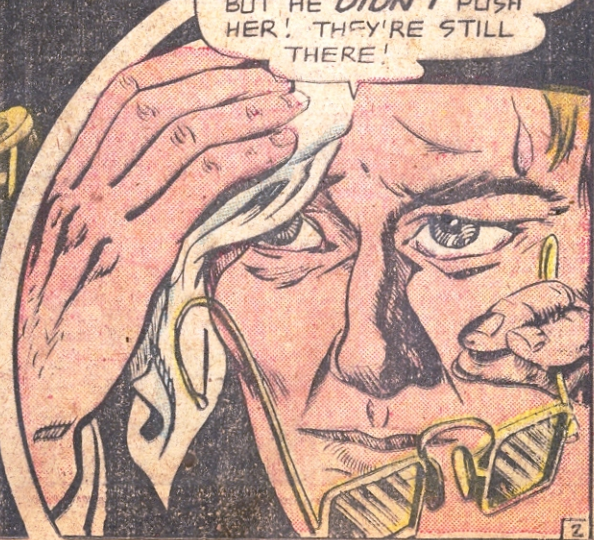
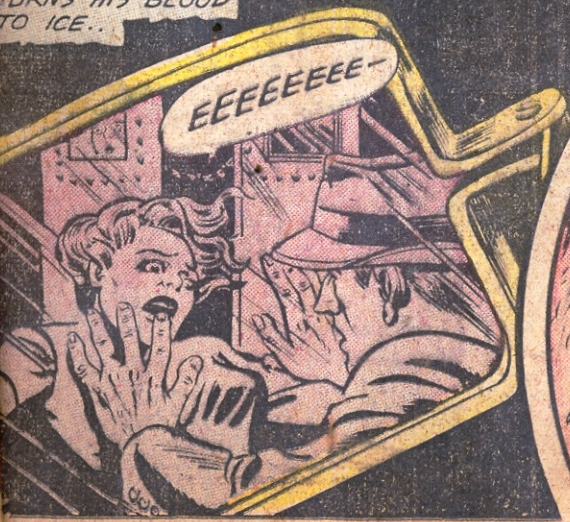
**N**OT UNTIL HE IS IN THE SUBWAY DOES BILL FEEL AN OVERPOWERING DESIRE TO LOOK THROUGH THE GLASSES...

GUESS I'LL HAVE A LOOK! SEE HOW THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE LOOK THROUGH THESE FUNNY GLASSES!



G-GOSH! I **MUST** BE GOING NUTS! THAT GUY— BUT HE **DIDN'T** PUSH HER! THEY'RE STILL THERE!

**W**HAT BILL SEES TURNS HIS BLOOD TO ICE...





**A**FTER A TIME, BILL FORGETS THE GLASSES, BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

ARE YOU WORKING LATE TONIGHT, BILL? IF YOU ARE, I'LL SHOP EARLY AND GO TO A MOVIE WITH AUNT CLARA!

HMMM — DON'T KNOW YET! HEY — THIS STORY IN THE PAPER!

THAT SAME S-STATION! AND JUST AFTER I LEFT! I REMEMBER THEY WERE STILL THERE! TIME'S RIGHT, TOO!

**L**ATER, HE PUTS THE GLASSES IN HIS POCKET AND RUNS FOR WORK...

**B**ILL COULDN'T TELL HIS WIFE A CRAZY THING LIKE THAT, SO HE MADE SOME EXCUSE. LATER...

BILL! YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE! THESE GLASSES! IT CAN'T BE—BUT I SAW IT HAPPEN! **BEFORE** IT HAPPENED!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME— ARE YOU COMING HOME EARLY?

HUH? OH, YES! I MEAN NO! BE WORKING LATE. 'BYE, HONEY.

**A**LL THE WAY TO WORK HE FEELS THAT DREADFUL URGE TO PUT ON THE GLASSES AGAIN...

NO! I WON'T. I'M AFRAID! I—I MIGHT **MAKE** SOMETHING HAPPEN!

**B**UT AT THE OFFICE, THE TEMPTATION IS TOO STRONG... I'LL TAKE JUST ONE MORE PEEK. NOTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE IN THE OFFICE, AFTER ALL! I'LL LOOK AT THE BOSS!



# STRANGE MYSTERIES

HE'S GOING TOWARD THAT WINDOW!  
NO, J. P., NO! **DON'T DO IT!**

NO!  
DON'T  
JUMP!

WHAT? ARE YOU  
CRAZY, BILL? WHAT'S  
THE MEANING OF  
THIS?

**A**ND IF YOU CAN'T TELL A WIFE A  
CRAZY THING LIKE THAT, YOU CAN'T  
TELL YOUR BOSS...

IT'S N- NOTHING, SIR!  
I GUESS I'M JUST  
NERVOUS AND  
UPSET!

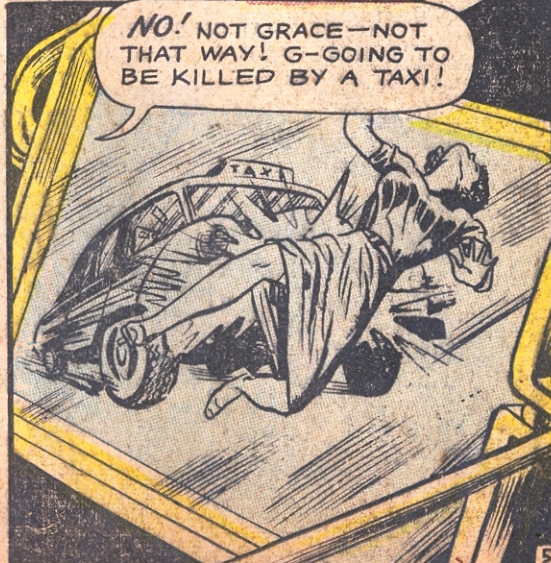
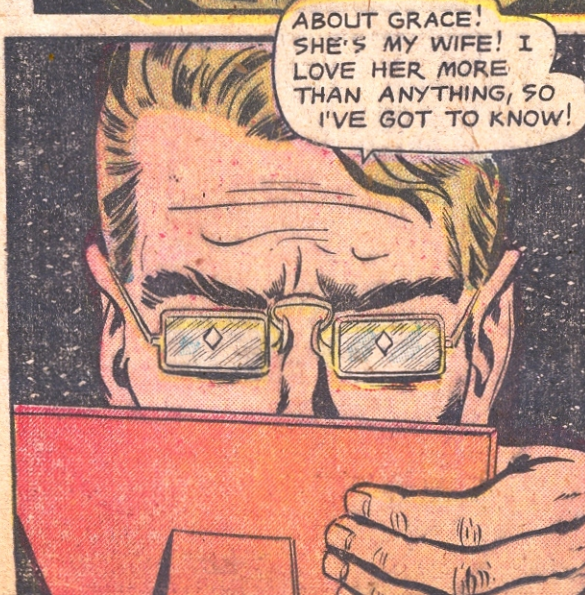
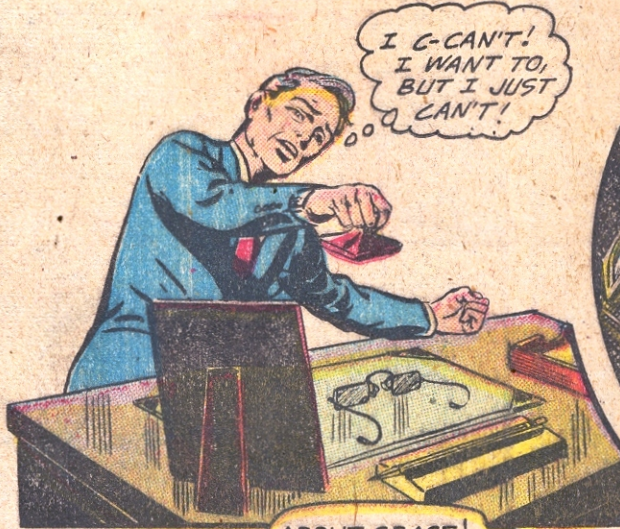
WELL, GET BACK TO  
WORK! AND MIND  
YOUR OWN  
BUSINESS!

GEE, DID I MAKE A SAP  
OF MYSELF THAT TIME! I BETTER  
GO SEE A DOCTOR! I'VE BEEN  
IMAGINING THINGS ABOUT  
THESE GLASSES.

THAT INTERFERING YOUNG  
FOOL! HE ALMOST RUINED  
THINGS!

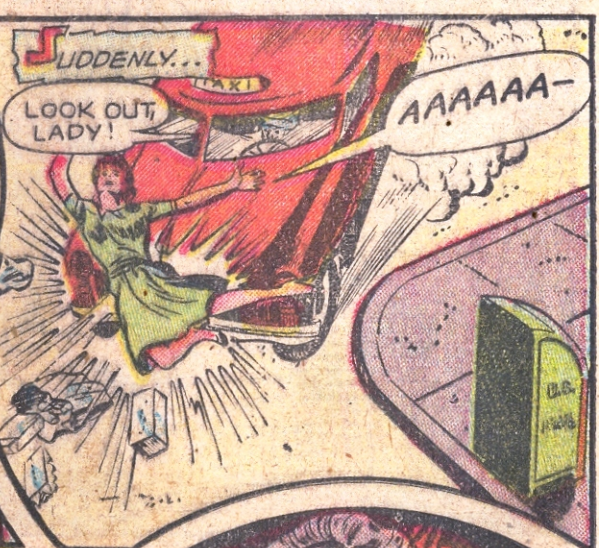
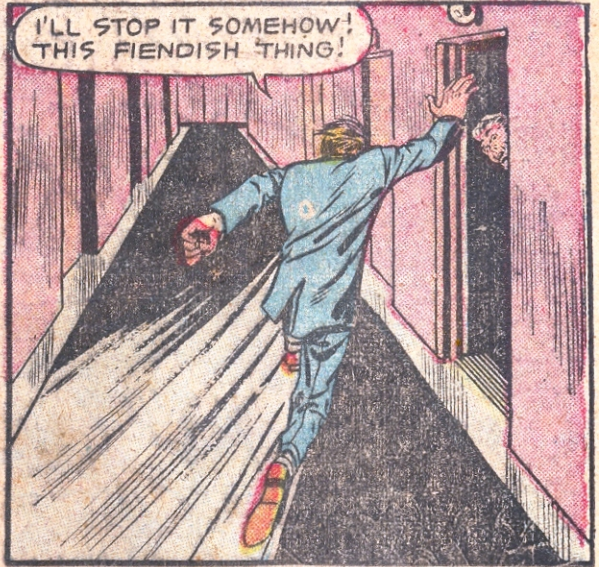
To My Friends and  
Employers:  
I have been  
stealing money from  
the firm - am taking  
this way out.  
J. P. Smoak







# STRANGE MYSTERIES





STRANGE MYSTERIES

# RETURN of the CORPSE



OUT OF THE FETID NIGHT CRYPT THE GRAVE ROBBER, CUNNING AND DESPERATE FOR A CORPSE! CALL HIM THE CADAVER PIRATE...

THE POLICE GET A CALL TO THE CEMETERY...



ANOTHER GRAVE ROBBED?

YES, SIR! I CALLED YOU, AS SOON AS I DISCOVERED IT!

AN EMPTY COFFIN, AS USUAL! UGH!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, LIEUTENANT. WHY STEAL A CORPSE?





THAT NIGHT  
LIEUTENANT  
MARKS STAYS  
LATE AT THE  
OFFICE...

THESE GRAVE ROBBERIES  
ARE DRIVING ME NUTS!  
WHO? WHY? AND NO  
ANSWERS!



HI, LIEUTENANT!  
WHERE'S THE  
WAKE?

VERY  
FUNNY!



I HEARD YOU HAD  
ANOTHER GRAVE  
ROBBERY!

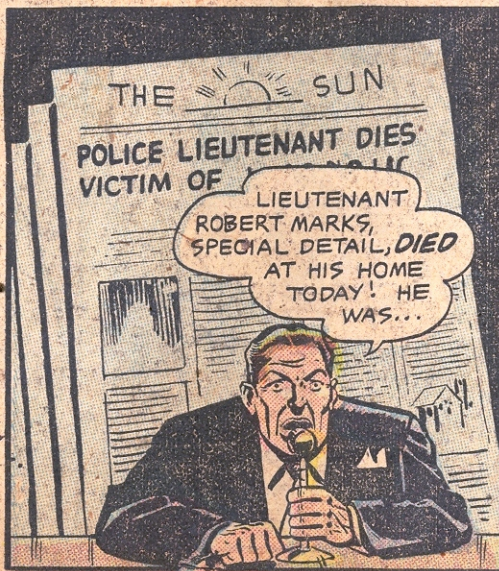
YOU HEARD RIGHT!  
BE THANKFUL YOU'RE  
A DOCTOR AND NOT  
A COP!



YEAH, BUT I GOT SOME  
IDEAS! HOW ABOUT US  
SETTING A TRAP FOR  
THIS GHOUL?



SO TIME  
PASSES AND  
A CUNNING  
TRAP IS SET  
FOR THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
GHOUL! THE  
PRESS AND  
RADIO ARE  
WARNED  
AND THEY  
COOPERATE  
FULLY...



AND SOON...

HE WAS A  
GOOD COP!

YES,  
WE'LL  
MISS  
HIM!





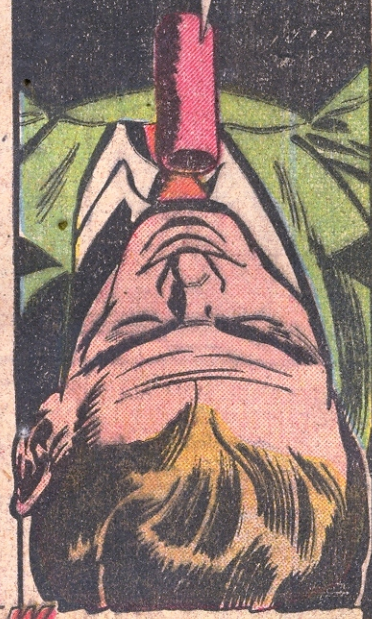
THAT NIGHT, DOCTOR HORACE SCOTT APPROACHES THE GRAVE...

HA-HA! WE'LL SEE HOW MY LITTLE TRICK IS WORKING!

HELLO, MARKS! THIS IS SCOTT! HOW'S IT GOING?

AND IN THE GRAVE...

NOT TOO BAD! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SCOTT? YOU'LL SCARE THE GHOUL AWAY—SPOIL EVERYTHING!

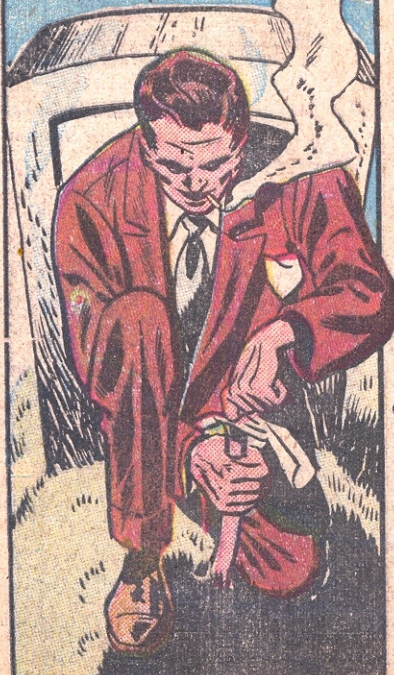


WHILE A MAN CURSES IN HIS DEATH AGONY...

I WON'T, LIEUTENANT, BUT THIS HANDKERCHIEF WILL! YOU SEE—I AM THE GHOUL!

WON'T BE LONG NOW! HE'S GOT AIR ENOUGH FOR ABOUT TWO MINUTES!

I'LL —(GASP)—COME BACK! I'LL GET YOU! (COUGH!) I'LL...





LATER  
THAT  
NIGHT...

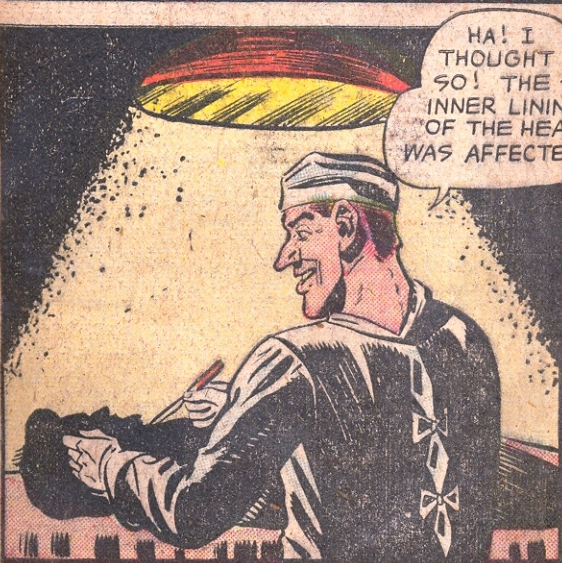
AT LAST—THE  
BODY I WANTED  
MORE THAN ANY-  
THING! THE  
POOR FOOL!



THAT DISEASE  
YOU GOT IN  
THE TROPICS  
ALWAYS  
FASCINATED  
ME, LIEU-  
TENANT!

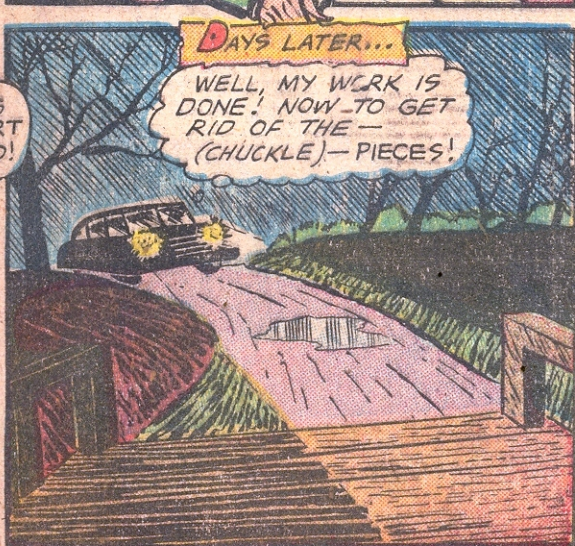


HA! I  
THOUGHT  
SO! THE  
INNER LINING  
OF THE HEART  
WAS AFFECTED!

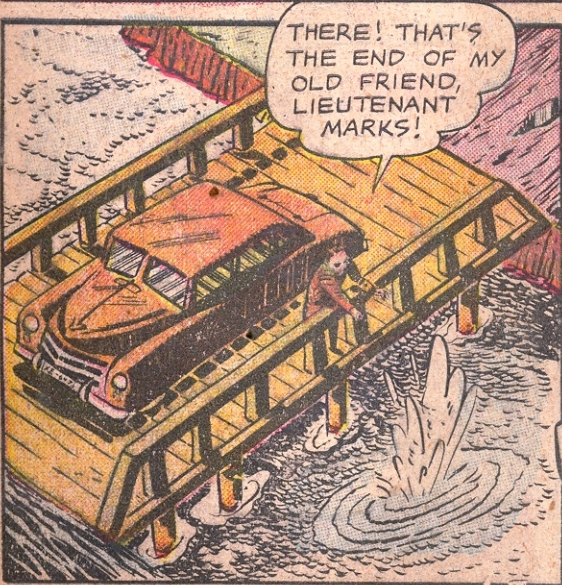


DAYS LATER...

WELL, MY WORK IS  
DONE! NOW TO GET  
RID OF THE —  
(CHUCKLE) — PIECES!



THERE! THAT'S  
THE END OF MY  
OLD FRIEND,  
LIEUTENANT  
MARKS!

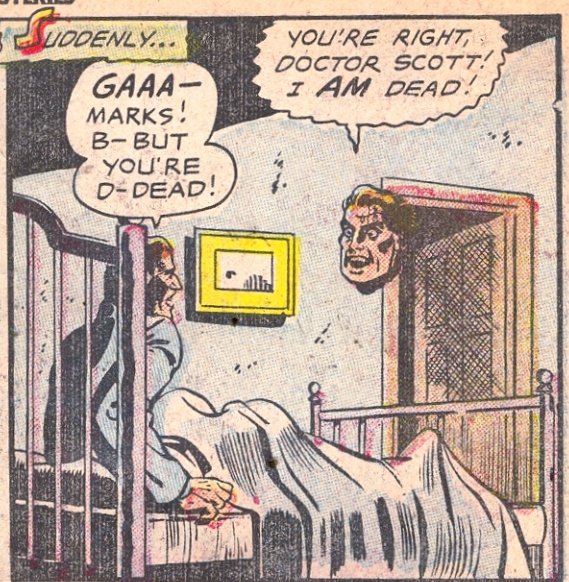
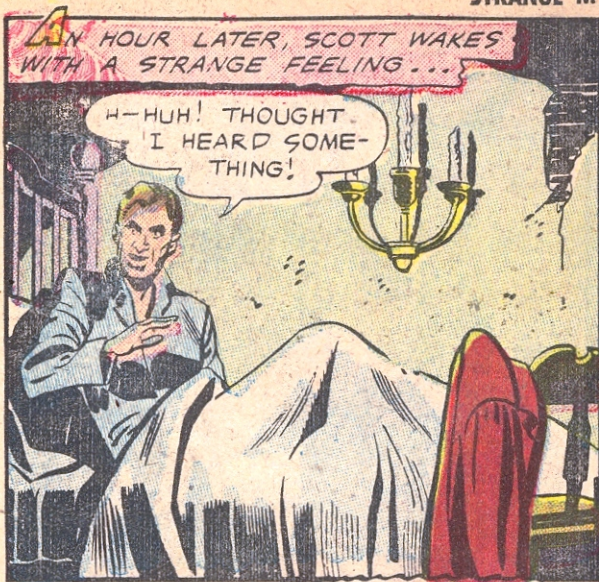


AND LATER...

I'LL HAVE TO WATCH  
THE DEATH NOTICES!  
MIGHT BE NEEDING ANOTHER  
BODY SOON! HO-HUM —  
SLEEPY!



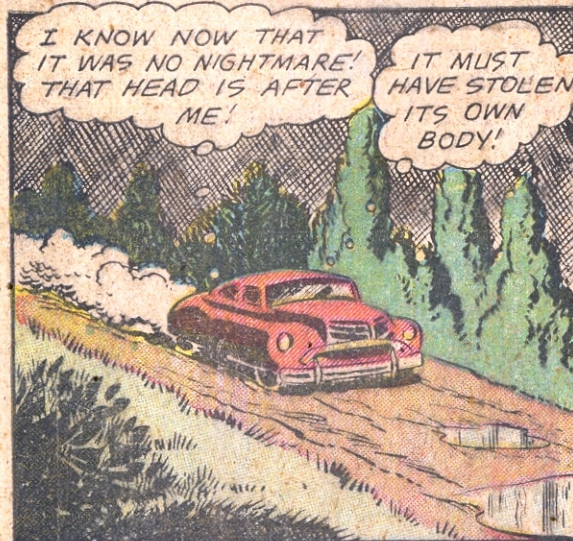




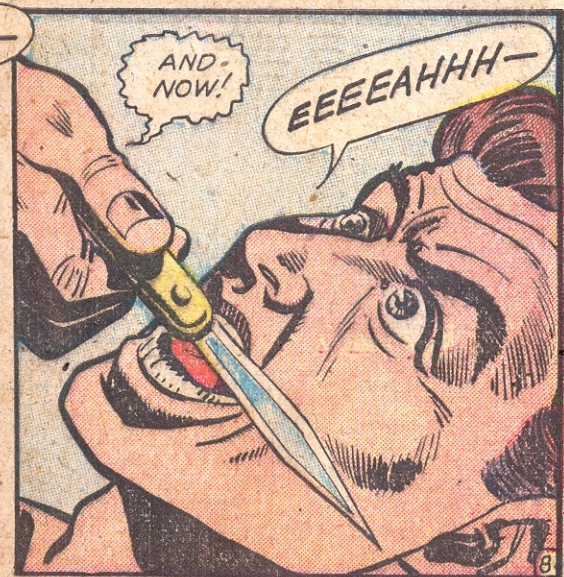
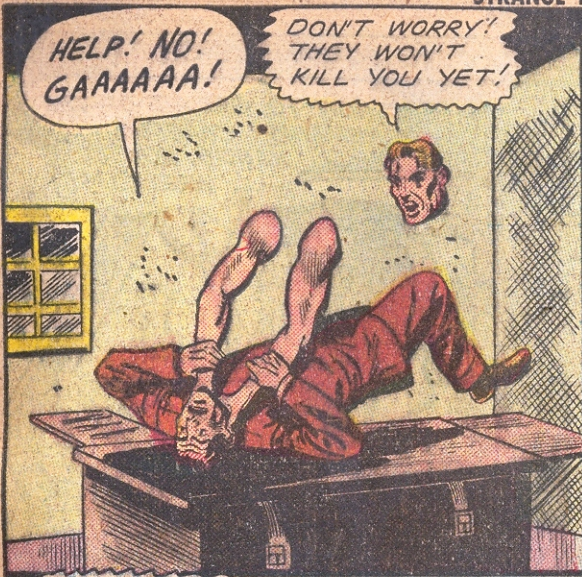














THE HANDS WORK DEFTLY AND SO SLOWLY...

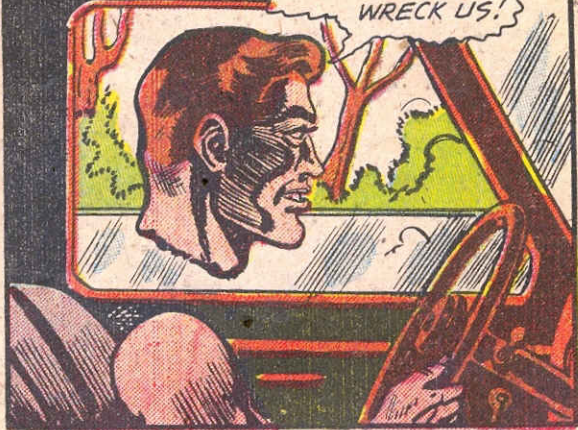
NO HURRY, MY FRIEND!

EEEEEEEEEE—



FINALLY THE SCREAMS CEASE...

NOW TO GET RID OF THE REMAINS! CAREFUL, HANDS, DON'T WRECK US!



JUST DOWN THE ROAD...

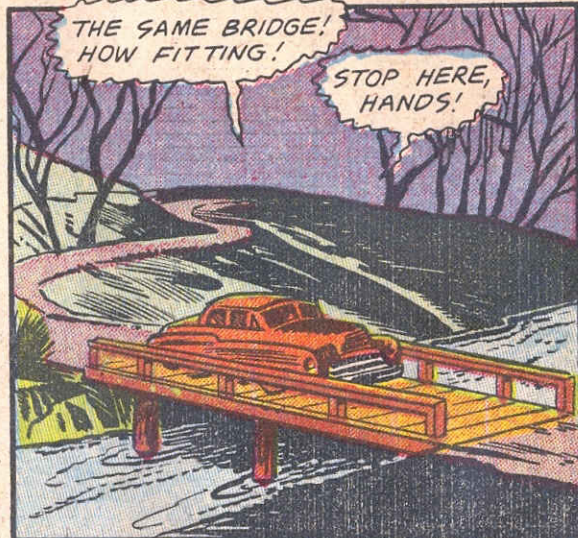
HUH! I—I BETTER GO ON THE WAGON!

HURRY, HANDS!



THE SAME BRIDGE! HOW FITTING!

STOP HERE, HANDS!



THERE! NOW WE'RE EVEN, DOCTOR SCOTT! GOODBYE!



HAH—HO—HEE—  
HAH—HAH—HEE—  
HO—HO—HO—

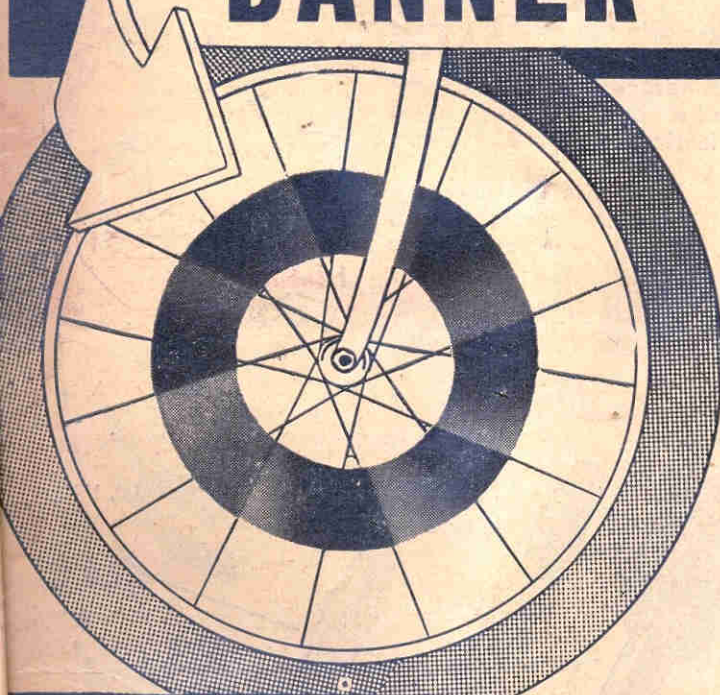


The End



# GLAMOURIZE YOUR BICYCLE

## BANNER CLIPS



### Exciting New Glamour For Your Bicycle

With the NEW colourful BANNER CLIPS. You can glamorize your bicycle like a rainbow on wheels. There are 36 Banner Clips in all. Nine for each side of each wheel. \$1.00 for the complete set, or you may order 18, enough for one wheel for 50c.

It's a cinch to put them on and Oh! what a stunning effect . . . All the "Kids" will want Banner Clips for their "Bikes."

We will pay you \$1.00 for six complete sets you sell to your friends. SEND FOR YOUR BANNER CLIPS NOW.

JOLOLA SALES BOX 496 BUFFALO N.Y.

In Canada 2382 DUNDAS ST. W. TORONTO ONT.

Look Rick . . . I got my Banner Clips.

They're just like mine.. I'll show you how easy they are to put on.

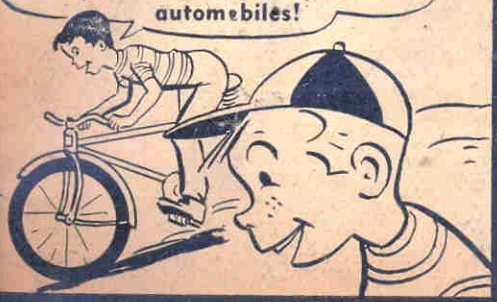


Just put the narrow end toward the hub . . . then bend the ears in behind the spokes.

Gee! Rick, I could have done that myself . . . It's easy.



Gee! Everybody's lookin'! I'll bet they will be putting them on the new automobiles!



### SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today!

JOLOLA SALES, Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.

In CANADA, 2382 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

Send me C.O.D. plus Postage

☐ 36 Banner Clips \$1. ☐ 18 Banner Clips 50c.

I will pay Postman on Delivery.

☐ Send ( ) sets of 36 Banner Clips at \$1. set.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Prov. ....

If you enclose remittance in full with this Coupon, we will Prepay all Delivery Charges.

☐ Amount enclosed \$ .....



# Just what I wanted!

A NEW 6 Piece Screwdriver Set  
with 5 Interchangeable Bits

Sure-grip hardwood handle  
with Vice-like Screw Chuck  
of hardened steel . . . All  
in a tough handy Vinyl  
Plastic dome fitted Envelope.

The Bits are designed  
to fit straight cut,  
cross cut or square  
head screws. They are  
oil tempered and rust  
proof.



*Quality and Value instantly recognized!*

JOLOLA SALES LTD. Box 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.  
In CANADA 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Mail This Coupon

If you like

fine tools

JOLOLA SALES LTD., Box 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.  
In CANADA, 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Send me C.O.D. the 6 Piece Screwdriver Set. I'll pay  
Postman \$1.48 on delivery plus postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State  
Prov. ....

☐ If you enclose \$1.50 we will pay all Delivery Charges.

**\$1.48**  
**THE SET**  
Agents  
Wanted